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## A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

THE NORE AND THEREABOUTS.

To continue these rambling sketches of home travel—the reader may be reminded that we stopped in our journey through Hampshire, to spend a quiet Sunday amidst the interesting antiquities of Winchester and St Cross. Departing from this scene of William of Wykeham's glories, and now one of the least altered of Old England's oldest cities—leaving the green and soft luxuriance of the vale of the Itchin, we proceed on our way by rail to London, and in little more than two hours we are turned out from the mixed train to be mixed among the busy crowds of the metropolis.

Some writers—my Lady Morgan for one, if we recollect rightly—have a very convenient knack of vaulting at a bound over an interval of time in their narratives, by giving a dashing line of stars—the said stars being all that the reader gets for some darkly mysterious part of the story which it would puzzle the author to explain. On the present occasion it would be remarkably easy to follow this excellent example, but as plain dealing is more to our taste, we shall just say, in a few words, that we pass over an interval of three months, and are again, during the fortnight or three weeks of "farewell summer," once more upon our rambles from home. In short, we are again in London, ready for all sorts of inquiries and excursions.

I had gone, I do not know how often, up and down the Thames. Sheerness, and Tilbury Fort, and Purfleet, and Gravesend, and the old cocked hats and wooden legs which daily air themselves on the terrace at Greenwich, were all perfectly familiar to me. But somehow or other I had never got round the Nore, in the direction of Margate; and so now I resolved to pay a brief visit to a few places in this quarter of the Kentish coast.

The opportunities for making such an excursion are now exceedingly plentiful. In the days of old, the only means of transit consisted of the Margate hoys, a class of small sloops which carried you in a couple of days, wind and weather permitting, to the place of your destination; but now, what a change!—smart steamers dash off daily from London Bridge, and in five or six hours disload their hundreds of gaily-dressed passengers on the jetties of Herne Bay and Margate. In one of the most active of these well-managed boats, the Red Rover, we one morning placed ourselves; and in due time were brought abreast of the Isle of Sheppy and adjacent parts in the mainland of Kent. This part of the coast, it is necessary to explain, forms the great airing ground of the good folk of the metropolis. During "the season" as many as two or three thousand persons are daily landed and carried back to town. But Saturday, in particular, forms the great day for these excursions; the toiled and stupefied tradesman, who has been stewed up for a week amidst the streets and lanes of the city, on that day gets off to pay his accustomed visit to his wife and family—to enjoy a few hours' fresh air on the beach on Sunday—and to return again on Monday to his desk and dingy counting-house.

From all I could learn, there are two kinds of summer recreation in these places of resort—one consisting of actual rustication and airing at Herne Bay or Ramsgate, and another of imaginary rustication and airing among the fashionable lounges and tea-gardens of Margate. Another thing may be mentioned; the resort to either of these places is almost exclusively of persons east of Charing Cross—that is to say, citizens with their wives and families, or young ladies and gentlemen of the same class, who wish to spend money any way, but "genteely," if possible; and what

half so genteel as spending it for a few weeks on the amusements of Margate!

With these preliminary explanations, we now land, in the first place, on that part of the coast where the real and more sober-minded rusticators resort. Herne Bay, as this place has been called, is quite of modern date; and its name, as may be inferred, is derived from the ancient village of Herne, which is situated about a mile inland, on the high road to Canterbury.\* The coast at this spot is eminently suited for a watering-place. Unlike the greater part of the adjacent district, the shore has a fine slope, in the form of a sandy and pebbly beach, to the water, and may at all times be reached from steamers with perfect comfort, by means of a beautiful and substantial jetty of three quarters of a mile in length. The country, backwards, all the way to Canterbury, is of a soft undulating character, well plished with woods and copses, and dotted over with old-fashioned hamlets and trimly thatched farm-buildings and cottages. The walks, therefore, whether along the grassy downs which overhang the sea, or into the rural scenery beyond, seem well adapted for the summer sojournment of the overworked inhabitants of the city. Some ten or twelve years ago, Herne Bay, by the activity of a few rash speculators, became "all the rage," and buildings and streets, on a superlatively grand scale, sprung up in all directions. From one cause or other, however, the tide of popularity did not last a sufficient length of time, and the building lots being retained at enormous prices, the projected town stuck after it had been begun, and in the present day we find it composed of many partially finished edifices, and rows of streets standing like so many loop-holed and ragged ruins. Nevertheless, the place, as Brown would have said, has capabilities calculated to carry it over this great initiatory misfortune, and these are leading gradually to its settlement and improvement.

Along the shore there is a remarkably neat terrace-like walk for promenaders. Adjacent are bathing-houses, numerous dwellings for visitors, and two hotels of large dimensions in full operation; during my short stay, a very handsome church was consecrated by the archbishop for the use of the inhabitants, regular and transient. It would be very inexcusable to pass over in this notice, however slight it be, the good deeds done to the town by a benevolent and wealthy patroness, Mrs Thwaites, relict of an opulent merchant in the city, and who devotes no small share of her property to charitable and public purposes. Unlike the generality of mankind, who only leave wealth to their fellow-creatures when they can no longer make use of it themselves, this well-disposed lady, having taken a fancy to Herne Bay, has largely assisted in the support of free schools for the place, and lent her charitable aid to the poor of the neighbourhood. She likewise, a few years ago, erected, at a considerable expense, a tall and handsome clock-tower on the sea-promenade, which may be seen at a great distance. Although totally unacquainted with this lady, there seems such a degree of rationality in the disposal of her superabundant wealth, that I feel much pleasure in holding up her conduct to imitation.

Herne Bay forms a good starting-point for those who wish to explore the antiquities and geological

\* Herne was the first cure of the pious Ridley, afterwards bishop of Rochester and London; and here he resided for several years, discharging the duties of his pastoral office with great zeal.—*Biographies of England and Wales*, vol. viii. Herne church, to which I paid a visit, contains a number of objects as old as the fifteenth century; among others, is a monumental brass figure over the tomb of Lady Philip, wife of Matthew Philip, sometime Lord Mayor of London; she died in 1470, and is represented in the dress of the times.

character of the coast. About three miles to the eastward, on the verge of the sea, stand those remarkable objects of antiquity, and land-marks, the towers of the church of Reculver. To this spot I hastened to pay a visit. In front is the wide expanse of the German Ocean, studded here and there with vessels making for the mouth of the Thames from the Downs or continental ports; on our left is the Isle of Sheppy, darkly pictured on the horizon, and on the right that flat expanse of prairie or meadow land, which occupies the filled-up channel between the mainland and Thanet, whose higher grounds close up the scene. Nowhere, on the coast of Great Britain, have such extensive changes been effected by the sea and other causes, on the dimensions and configuration of the land. On a prominent knoll, now carried completely away by the waves of the ocean, once stood the castle of Reculver, an early station of the Romans, and, latterly, a seat of the Anglo-Saxon king, Ethelbert. During this latter period, a church of great extent was built adjoining the castle; and it is the towers of this edifice, popularly called the Reculvers, which now stand as the most prominent objects on the whole line of coast. On attaining the spot, we find that the sea has washed away at least a mile of the land, leaving for several miles a precipitous cliff, which is daily lessening in bulk. In dread of these rapid encroachments, the church has been many years abandoned, and is now an open desolated ruin—the only complete portion remaining being the two towers, which are preserved as land-marks for mariners. The sea has not, as is generally reported, reached the building, but it has carried away a half of the burying-ground around it, and numerous remains of mortality project from the face of the cliff, and are scattered along the beach. To prevent, if possible, farther inroads, the Trinity House has caused the erection of a paved bulwark for a considerable distance along the shore; and it is evident, that unless some precautionary measures of this kind be speedily adopted elsewhere, a very considerable loss of land must ensue. The extraordinary carelessness hitherto shown on this point, is far from creditable. At present, as we are told by Mr Lyell, the loss of land, by the washing away of the clayey and chalky cliffs, is at least two feet per annum; and it is calculated that the whole island of Sheppy, now measuring six miles in length by four in breadth, will be annihilated in half a century.

It is interesting, in a geological point of view, to remark, that while the precipitous and some other parts of the coast have been diminishing annually, land has in one spot been accumulating with equal rapidity. Casting our eye south-eastwards from the Reculvers, as I have said, we observe a flat tract of rich meadow land, as like the polders of Holland as any thing in this country. This tract, which is embellished with trees, fences, and farm-offices, was once an arm of the sea, which stretched from Sandwich to near the Reculvers, and through this navigable channel the Roman fleets used to sail on their way to and from the Thames. About the time of the Norman Conquest, the Channel became impassable, from the accumulation of earthy matter; and in the fifteenth century it was crossed by a bridge. Since that period, all vestige of water course has disappeared, if we except the wet ditches which here and there intersect the enclosed fields. It will be understood, therefore, that Thanet is no longer an island, but a portion of the mainland of Kent, and forms a bold piece of country, with the North Foreland, Margate, and Ramsgate, on its exterior and sea-washed extremity.

Having sufficiently explored the environs of Herne

Bay and the Reculvers, the place to which we next proceeded was Margate, a steamer carrying us thither in rather less than an hour. I am sorry to say that I was disappointed with Margate. Let the reader conceive the idea of a bold chalky line of cliffs, closely overhanging the sea, and in a notch, at a part lower than the rest, a cluster of red brick houses, spreading in irregular or plain lines into the country, with two or three church spires, and tall barack-looking buildings, and he has a tolerable idea of the town. There is no beach for walking upon, and the accommodation for bathing in the sea is very limited. The town is approached by a long wooden jetty; but it is so low, that the sea at high tides washes over it. Adjoining is a well-built harbour, which, however, is left dry at low water. A more unfavourable spot for a sea-port or watering-place cannot well be imagined. The streets, straggling upward from the harbour, are as narrow as the lanes of the city; and how families should come hither for fresh air, is beyond my comprehension, because they must be obliged to live in houses nearly as confined as those they have left. Margate, however, as already hinted, derives its chief support from being a favourite scene of fashionable racket and amusement during the dull autumnal season in town. In walking through the narrow streets, you observe bazaars, which form lounging places for the idle; and in each is seen a gambling or raffling table for those who wish to try their luck. There are likewise several houses which offer the choice of hot bathing and music; and besides these means of killing time, there are public concerts and dances, at which the height of city splendour is exhibited. The best point in the Margate arrangements are the numerous respectable boarding-houses, where, on moderate terms, you may reside for a short time in a very agreeable manner. At these houses, parties of pleasure are made up for the day, the expense for cars and refreshments during the excursion being defrayed by general contribution. It is a recognised point of etiquette among the persons who thus become acquainted for the time being, that they are not in any respect supposed to know each other when they return to town; a watering-place acquaintance being like that contracted in a stage-coach, which terminates at the end of the journey.

From Margate, a variety of short trips may be made to places of local importance. Within a short distance, in an easterly direction, is the retired watering-place called Broadstairs (a corruption, by the way, of Bradstow), which is resorted to much more for tranquillity and sea air than Margate. Taking a short cut by the main road, across the high cultivated grounds of Thanet, we reach Ramsgate, at a distance of four miles from Margate, and find that, with the same foolish crowding together of streets, it is far superior as a place of healthful resort. Ramsgate occupies an exceedingly striking situation, partly in a hollow leading up from the shore, but more particularly on the top of the cliffs which bound this hollow on each side, and fronting the clear expanse of sea. The cliffs here are from sixty to seventy feet in height, and being of pure white chalk, have a light dazzling appearance. By flights of well-constructed steps, the lofty terraces on which the straight lines and crocets of houses are placed, are connected with the wide stretch of fine sands beneath. These sands are among the finest I have any where seen, and are only inferior to those at Portobello, near Edinburgh, which, I have no hesitation in saying, are unmatched for extent and beauty. At the time of my visit to the Ramsgate sands, the weather was clear and beautiful, and they were crowded with promenaders, as well as lady invalids on neatly saddled donkeys, pacing easily along the margin of the rippling tide. Opposite the central and lower part of the town is the harbour, which is of modern erection, and upon a most extensive and substantial scale. On account of the want of natural harbourage for shipping along this bold line of coast, there is no place of refuge, in the case of storms, between the Downs and the Thames; and to obviate this serious deficiency, the harbour of Ramsgate has been erected at an enormous outlay, which is met by a tax on all vessels passing, whether they use the harbour or not. The harbour is of a circular form, nearly enclosed with broad stone piers, and contains a superficies of about forty-six acres. It is never left dry by the tides, and by means of reserved mauses of water and sluices, it is secured of the sand-banks which have a tendency to accumulate within its bounds. On the occasion of extremely heavy gales from the east and north-east, hundreds of vessels of all nations may be seen fleeing to this famed harbour for succour, which is afforded to all with an equal degree of liberality. In fine weather, the piers, which are smoothly paved with granite, offer a most agreeable marine parade to the numerous transient residents. The character of Ramsgate, as I learned on inquiry, differs very materially from that of Margate. Along with Broadstairs, it is resorted to by a higher and more expressly health-seeking class of visitants, and its very aspect conveys the notion of something more refined and tasteful.

In the course of the day which I spent in Ramsgate and its vicinity, I did not omit to visit the favourite excursion terminus at Pegwell Bay, at a mile and a half's distance to the south. Here, on the edge of the mouldering cliff, stand a few houses in an apparently perilous situation, for the sea has, in the course of time, formed a bay, and is now within a

few feet of the walls of the dwellings. At this extreme south-eastern corner of Thanet, we are presented with a most extensive prospect seawards. The eye in a clear day commands the outline of the sand-hills and cliffs on the French coast from about Calais to Dunkirk, a distance of at least thirty miles, the sparkling interval of ocean being dotted over with white sails, and streaked with lary currents of blue smoke issuing from the steamers which are almost always seen plying in the Downs. More immediately at hand, on the right, we have a full view of the low silted-up shore on which are situated the ancient cinque-ports of Sandwich and Deal, also the groves amidst which Walmar, the seat of the Duke of Wellington, reposes, and beyond them the clifly knolls which overhang the town and port of Dover. We have here, indeed, a prospect of the spot on which, fifty-five years before the Christian era, Julius Cesar arrived with his war galleys and conquered the aboriginal inhabitants of our island; and here, also, in subsequent times, was the landing place of Saxons and Danes who came to the country on a similar errand. It was likewise somewhere within this territory, which may well be defined as the portal of England, that St Augustine arrived about thirteen hundred years since, and spread a knowledge of that Christianity which now illuminates the whole of Britain.

But I must stop, for the present, this narrative of past events and modern appearances, and conclude with an agreeable piece of information to all future tourists to the spot, that Pegwell Bay has the happiness to possess an inn on the very brink of the precipice, where you may at once study the progress of disintegration from the eternal washing of the waves beneath, and enjoy the comforts of a lunch on shrimps and bread and butter—such being the repast for which Pegwell Bay has for ages been highly, and, I have every reason to believe, justly celebrated.

#### THE ANTI-HEBREW EPIDEMIC.

AMONG the moral epidemics of Christian society—at least of Christian society in a low state of civilisation—may be ranked a violent and suspicious dislike of the Jews. This feeling has broken out at various times, and in many different countries, since the commencement of our era, and has raged destructively for a season, like the plague, cholera, or any other physical disorder to which mankind are liable. The source of the affection is in some measure obvious. The tenacity with which the Jews cling to the faith and customs of their forefathers, and the comparative mystery attending their various ritual observances, have led to the belief that they also preserve in secret the same sentiments of aversion and hate, which caused the martyrdom of the founder of Christianity. In Great Britain, certainly, and other countries advanced in knowledge, these illiberal views do not now prevail; but they are far from being extinct among the less educated Christian communities. The recent persecution of the Jews of Damascus will be remembered by every one; and in Poland, but a few weeks ago, a similar case occurred, though it excited less attention, from the comparative harmlessness of its consequences. Even in England, however, but a few centuries ago, the most extraordinary notions were entertained respecting the practices of the Jews. The prioress's story, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, contains abundance of passages which show that the poet believed the Jews to be capable of any cruelty. The prioress relates that "in Asia, in a great citee," where there was "among Christen folk a Jewerie," a child was slain by the Hebrews, because, "as he came to and fro, full merrily would he sing and cry, 'Oh alma Redemptoris!' (mother of the Redeemer) ever mo!" A miracle is described as having followed, the little boy continuing to sing "Oh alma Redemptoris!" from the pit into which his mangled body was cast. Then—

"With torment and with shameful death, each one,  
The provost doth these Jews for to sterve  
That of this murder wist. \* \* \*  
Therefore with wild horse he did them draw,  
And, after that, he hung them by the law."

At the close of the poem, Chaucer refers to another case, exclaiming,

"Oh young Hew of Lincoln! slain also  
By cursed Jews, as it is notable,  
For it was but a little while ago."

The boy of the Asiatic city and young Hugh of Lincoln were but examples of a dreadful criminality ascribed in the middle ages to the Jews. This unhappy race were generally believed to make a practice of stealing away and murdering Christian children, in order to use their blood to leaven some of the substances to be eaten in the course of their rites. The superstition is not yet extinguished in some parts

of the world. In the late case which occurred in Poland, a young woman came forward and gave evidence that she had been seized by her master, a Hebrew, and had been confined to a room in his house, where she had been bled several times against her will, to yield the leaven alluded to. The story was readily believed by the credulous public, with whose prepossessions it tallied only too strongly; and several Jews were imprisoned and misused for the imputed crime. But the young woman, seized with remorse, soon afterwards retracted her accusation, and admitted that she had been prevailed upon to make the statement by her lover, a young man at enmity with some of the Jews, and who had invented the story for her. The only foundation for the charge lay in circumstances most honourable to her master. The girl had been ill, and had been bled in the usual way by the family surgeon, whom the master had called in from the most humane motives, besides lavishing other kindly attentions upon his ungrateful servant. The case could not stand against such disclosures, and the Jews were acquitted.

So lately as the end of the sixteenth century, the popular idea of a Jew in England included every imaginable criminality. Shakspeare, in his *Shylock*, has in some measure pandered to this prejudice; but his Jew is spotless innocence compared to the Barabas, or Jew of Malta, depicted by his immediate predecessor Marlow:—

"As for myself, I walk abroad a-night,  
And kill sick people groaning under walls:  
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;  
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,  
I am content to lose some of my crowns,  
That I may, walking in my gallery,  
See 'em go pined along by my door.  
Being young, I studied physic, and began  
To practise first upon the Italian:  
There I enriched the priests with burials,  
And always kept the sexton's arms in use  
With digging graves, and wringing dead men's necks.  
And, after that, was I an engineer,  
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,  
Under pretence of serving Charles V.,  
Shew friend and enemy with my stratagema  
Then, after that, was I an usurer,  
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,  
And tricks belonging unto brokery,  
I filled the jail with bankrupts in a year,  
And with young orphans planted hospitals,  
And every moon made some or other mad—  
And now and then one hang himself for grief,  
Pining upon his breast a long great scroll,  
How I with interest had tormented him."

This horrible autographical picture must not be disregarded, as if it were merely the fruit of a poet's imagination. The character of Barabas was but an embodiment of the vulgar fancies entertained respecting the Jews; and while terming them vulgar, it is fitting also that we should call them absurdly and extravagantly erroneous. As far as the point can now be determined by the cool-judging eye of posterity, they seem to have been utterly without foundation. They prevailed widely, however, and led to epidemical outbreaks of persecution, most destructive in their results to the scattered children of Israel.

Both before and after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the Jews were subjected to repeated massacres by the Romans, in Rome, Egypt, and elsewhere; but although the peculiar religious faith of the Jews was in part the cause of these misfortunes, political motives had a still greater share in producing them. It was after Christianity had expelled Paganism from the various countries of Europe, that the Jews began to suffer those particular persecutions which fall within the scope of our present notice. In the twelfth century, a band of two hundred thousand men assembled in Europe for a crusade against the Saracens. At this period the Jews were numerous in France, Germany, and other regions of the Continent, and prejudices ran high against them. By way, therefore, of losing no time, the vast band alluded to commenced their labours for the cross by massacring the Jews in every city which they passed through. At Cologne, Worms, Treves, and other places, great numbers perished in this way. Conversion or death were the alternatives placed before them, and they almost uniformly preferred the latter of the two. Some of the Jews of Treves, warned of the approach of the crusaders, gathered together their children and killed them, to "prevent their being subjected to the insult of Christian baptism." A band of Jewish women belonging to the same place went to the side of the Moselle, and, having loaded their clothes with stones, threw themselves into the river, where they perished. Many similar scenes took place on this occasion. While the crusading mania lasted in Europe, the Jews were kept, altogether, in a most miserable condition. The pretence for misusing them was usually some imaginary crime of the kind already described. In the year 1171, for example, many of the Jews of Blois were burned, on a charge of having crucified a Christian child, in mockery of the Passion of Jesus. In England, in the year 1144, while the throne was occupied by Stephen, the Jews of Norwich were persecuted on a charge of murdering in like manner a boy named William; and in the sixth year of Henry II. (1160), the Jews of Gloucester were maltreated on the faith of a similar accusation.

In the reign of Dagobert, about the year 640, the Jews had been banished from France. They were permitted to return, however, and remained without further molestation till the twelfth century, a period



so fatal to their race in Europe. At that period Philip Augustus resolved again to expel them, ostensibly on account of their crimes, but in reality because of their great wealth. In his reign they possessed, it is said, one-half of the whole property of the city of Paris. Philip Augustus first gave a statutory quit-tance to all the Christians of his kingdom of the debts they owed to the Jews, only causing a fifth part to be paid to himself for the good act; and he then gave the Hebrews their choice of baptism or banishment. With all the moveables left in their possession, the majority of the poor Jews consequently left France in July of the year 1182. Seven years afterwards, the Jews of England, also, were treated in a most barbarous way. Richard Cœur de Lion, then upon the throne, had given orders that none of that race should approach his palace during the holding of a solemn birth-day festival. Ignorant of these orders, some of the leading men of the Jews went to the palace with presents for the king, suitable to the occasion. They were repelled with insults, and the people, observing this circumstance, attacked the little band, and killed several of them. A rumour immediately spread through London that the king had commanded the extermination of the whole of the Jews, and the imaginary order was fulfilled in that city to the letter, with great accompanying cruelty. Other cities caught up a like impression, and assassinated the majority of the Jews within their respective bounds. The most deplorable scene of all took place at York. There the Jews were very wealthy and numerous, five hundred being the amount of the men among them, exclusive of women and children. The whole of these people shut themselves up in a tower, and were there besieged by the populace. Finding no mode of escape open to them, the Jews resolved to fall by their own hands, rather than expose themselves to the tender mercies of their enemies. Each head of a family took a razor, with which he slew first his wife and children, then his domestics, and finally himself. Either in this awful manner, or by the hands of the populace, every Jew of York perished!

During the thirteenth century, the continued excitement relative to the Crusades left the Hebrew people no rest or safety. In the year 1240, Duke John of Brittany banished them from his dominions, and, in 1236, they were vilely misused in Spain. Elsewhere, similar scenes took place at the same period. The compiler of the *Cronica Célébre*, while detailing these and other persecutions which they suffered, gives instances of the crimes laid to the charge of the Israelite tribes. In 1220 (says he) a boy, named Henry, was killed by them in Alsacia; in 1225, a boy at Norwich; in 1236, several children at Fulde; in 1255, a child of nine years at Lincoln (Chaucer's "Young Hew of Lincoln"); in 1261, a girl of seven years in the Marquisate of Bade; in 1287, a child at Berne, and another in the same year at Munich; in 1289, another in Suabia; and so on. In truth, however, wherever the Jews were peculiarly wealthy, there such accusations are found to have sprung up against them in plenty. The history of their various banishments from France gives us clear and irrefragable proof of the true source of such charges. Having once fairly stripped them of their property, for example, Philip Augustus showed what his original motives had been, and that he had no sincere fear of their practices, by allowing them to return, and they afterwards remained unmolested in France until they had accumulated sufficient wealth to tempt cupidity anew. Then again were charges brought against them, and they were robbed once more of a great part of their means by banishment. For the sixth or seventh time, they were thus treated by Louis XIII., so late as the year 1615, being expelled from France by statute. In other countries, similar alternations of repose and persecution, and from similar motives, characterised the history of the Jews.

Our readers may now have had nearly enough of this subject, and we shall only refer to another case in which the Jews sustained persecution, at a comparatively recent era. In the year 1669, the wife of a peasant, living within a short distance of the city of Mentz, left her dwelling to water some linen by the side of a neighbouring stream. She was followed by her son, a child of three years old, whom she soon after missed from the spot where she had left him, and which was but twenty or thirty yards from the stream. She looked around for him, but in vain; and equally fruitless was the subsequent search of the father of the child and other friends. At last, the father was informed by a man whom he met on the highway near Mentz, that a Jew had passed shortly before on horseback, with a child before him. This clue was followed up, and a Jew named Raphael Levi was finally charged with stealing and murdering the child. The ancient prejudices of the people, dormant for a time, broke out with the fury of an epidemic fever, and the whole of the Hebrews of Mentz fell under the ban of popular distrust. In a wood adjoining the spot where he disappeared, was found the body of the missing child, so much lacerated and mangled, that, but for violent prepossessions, men would certainly have at once ascribed the mishap to a wolf. But this natural solution of the mystery found no favour with the people, and Raphael Levi was executed. He remained firm to the last, even under the torture, in his denial of all share in the death of the child; and the same constancy was shown by various others who were put to the question on the same ac-

count. As might be expected, other accusations were brought at the same time against the Jews of Mentz, and a due amount of fines and confiscations followed—as might also be expected.

It is lamentable to see such scenes revived at the present day, in the face of all reason and justice. By the interposition of the more civilised portions of the Christian world, they have been put a stop to, however—let us hope not soon to be renewed. If occasion does require it, the British public may be encouraged to the same generous interference by having the folly and destructiveness of such prejudices in past times laid before them, as has been briefly done in the present sketch.

#### BENEVOLE; A TALE.\*

THIS pleasant and instructive little volume opens with an account of Benevole, the last of the fairies, a being of supernatural character, but not exempt from human error. She is represented as stopping one evening in an English village, near a cottage occupied by one Martin, a labouring man. A sister of Mrs Martin, who had formerly made an imprudent marriage with a player named Collins, comes up the street, in great distress, with two children, and is kindly received by Mrs Martin and their common mother, who lives in the cottage, and is blind.

A storm takes place, and an alarm is communicated that John Martin, coming along the village street, had been struck by lightning. The feelings of the various parties need not be related. In a few minutes, Martin is borne into his cottage insensible, and laid on a bed, where for some time he gives no sign of life except a faint low breathing. At length "an exclamation from Mrs Martin brought her sister and farmer Mitchell to the bedside. Martin appeared to be restored in some measure to consciousness; he raised his hand, and passed it several times before his eyes, as if to remove something which obstructed his sight.

"All is dark," he muttered to himself. "If I could but see the light once again!—no night could be so black as this!" Mrs Martin leant fearfully over him. "John," she said, "my own dearest husband, speak to me—but one word only—tell me how you feel."

"Is that you, Ann? Bring a light; let me see you. Why do you keep me in the dark?" "It is not dark, dear John; there are two candles burning in the room, beside the fire-light." The wretched man sat up, and, stretching out his arms, said, in a hoarse and faltering voice, "Bring the candles close to me—closer, closer still."

His wife held them to his eyes.

"Ann, I cannot see. Why do you not hold them nearer?"

"Indeed, John, I should burn you if I put them nearer; they almost touch your face." He sank back with a heavy groan. Mary took the candles from her sister's trembling hands; and the farmer, drawing his sleeve across his eyes, said, in a quivering voice, which he in vain attempted to render firm, "Cheer up, Martin, the doctor will soon be here, and, I warrant, will do something for you." But Martin made no answer. He said once, "My poor Ann!" and a little afterwards, "What will become of my children?" These few words alone showed on what his thoughts were fixed.

The deep stillness which reigned in the cottage was only broken by the low suppressed sobs of Mrs Martin and her sister, or by the hasty tread and cheerful whistle of a returning labourer.

At length the sound of horses' feet was heard. Farmer Mitchell started up, and, after some conversation with the doctor at the door, returned with him into the room.

Dr Nugent sat down by the bed, and attentively examined Martin's eyes.

"Is there any hope?" faltered the old woman. Her daughters could not put the question: they saw the answer in his countenance.

The doctor shook his head, said that he feared the sight was quite gone, but desired that Martin might be kept quiet; and promising to call again the next day, he gently pushed by the farmer, who was standing with a fee ready in his hand, mounted his horse, and rode off.

The fairy was much grieved by the touching scene she had just witnessed; and slowly and thoughtfully resumed her journey, reasoning thus with herself:—"How will this family be supported in future? Their means of subsistence entirely depended on the industry of the father: of the fruits of that industry they are now deprived. They must be reduced to a state of absolute destitution, and this by no crime—by nothing which good conduct could have prevented; not from idleness, which exertion would have overcome; not from negligence, which prudence might have foreseen and guarded against. To the other sister it may be objected, that she caused her own misfortunes by an early and improvident marriage;

and bitterly has she paid the penalty of her imprudence. Not so with this. And from whom will the now wretched family obtain relief? Not from the higher classes, I fear; not from the opulent and wealthy—but, if at all, from their immediate neighbours; from that class which, although the most willing, is the least capable of rendering assistance. How many similar cases may not now exist in this apparently flourishing country! Surely such misery is susceptible of alleviation at least, if not prevention; surely it should not be by the poor alone that the poor, in such circumstances, are supported. Yet thus it will be, without some direct and powerful intervention; for among all ranks of people there is greater sympathy expressed for, and more readiness shown, in relieving the misfortunes of each separate class, by the members of that class, than is found to exist in any class which is distinct from, or unconnected with it. This seems universal."

After long pondering on these things, Benevole exclaimed, "There ought to be a law providing adequate relief, at the common charge, in all cases of destitution, from whatever cause arising. Where entire support is not needed, occasional assistance might be given. When an industrious man is unable to support a large family, the rent of his cottage might be paid, or an allowance might be made for supporting some of his children; and in dear times, and during periods of scarcity, food and employment might be found for those who really want it. The funds requisite for such a measure of relief might be levied from all proprietors of land, or from all persons renting land, in a ratio corresponding to the interest they severally possess in such land, or to the rent they pay; and I will not rest until a law of this kind is framed, and carried into effect in "merrie England.""

Benevole then proceeds to London, and, working by some occult means on the feelings of the prime minister of the day, succeeds in bringing about the establishment of a poor-law, based upon the principles above adverted to.

Returning after many years from the sunny south, she once more passed through England; "when curiosity induced her to direct her flight towards the village which she had previously visited, and where her sympathies had been so powerfully excited.

It was no longer in the contented and apparently flourishing condition in which she had first seen it. The windows of most of the cottages were broken, and stuffed with rags; the walls were cracked and stained in many places by the weather, and the thatch was overgrown with long rank grass; the street, likewise, was broken into puddles, and littered with half-eaten turnips and rotten cabbage-leaves. In other respects the village looked much the same, excepting that a large red brick building had started up opposite the apothecary's shop, and several additional ale-houses had been established. Mrs Martin's cottage had fared as the rest; the neat garden was destroyed, the flowers were dead, and sturdy thistles and wide-spreading docks and nettles flourished in their room.

A young woman stood at the open door, holding a dirty sickly-looking child in her arms; her gown was torn, and only fastened by a single pin, against which the child had just scratched its hand, and was crying aloud with pain, while its heedless mother stood watching the butcher's boy sweeping the week's accumulated dirt from his master's shop into the street.

The interior of the cottage was as comfortless as the exterior. A fire was burning in the rusty grate, but the hearth appeared never to have been swept. A rickety table propped against the wall, a broken bench, a kettle, and a few wooden platters, were the only articles of furniture; and the floor was strewn with fragments of potatoes and greasy bread. In the middle of the room, upon a basket turned upside down, sat a man, his head hanging down, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed on the ground with a look of stupid sordid gravity. He was still young, but frequent intoxication had enfeebled his constitution, and given an appearance of age as well as vacant inanity to his countenance.

At that moment a man turned the corner, and came slowly up the street: his ragged dress and emaciated frame bespoke poverty and want. Whilst still at some distance, the woman called out to him, with a loud laugh, "Well, Cousin Collins, which d'ye think is best paymaster now, farmer Grogan, or the parish?"

The man attempted to pass her without replying, but she took hold of his arm, and repeated her question. He then raised his eyes, and said, "Farmer Grogan is not to blame; he would not have turned us off if he could have helped it; but the rates came so heavy upon him, that he could not afford to pay them, and gave us full wages; so he was forced to take on the parish men, although he said he knew he should lose by it, for they did little more work than they liked themselves, and that badly, because they did not depend on him for their wages, but on the parish."

"But I say, Collins," continued the woman, "what's the good, I want to know, of being the best workman, and the most industrious and sober man in the parish? What have you got by it? You are half-starved now, and will have to come on the parish at last. Why, here's Sall Mansfield and her husband—they get a shilling a-week for each of their children, and their rent is paid, though you and I know that he earns ten shillings a-week wages. He wasn't half



as well off before he came on the parish, for he was a lazy workman, and none of the farmers would employ him: but now they must find him in work, or support him and his family in idleness; so now you see he lives like a prince, with as much to eat as he likes, and plenty to spend in drink into the bargain.'

'He is an idle, drunken fellow,' said Collins, 'and his wife is no better. I wonder that you, Mary, keep company with such people.'

'Why,' said she, 'what's the use of holding one's head so high! You know, Mother Martin always declared it would break her heart to set foot inside a workhouse; and there she is living still, and as merry as possible.'

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mary Simmons, for talking in that way, when you know your mother almost starved herself to give you food, and worked like a slave, that she might send you to school, and bring you up decently.'

'That's all very fine talking,' replied the woman, 'whom the fairy perceived to be Mrs Martin's daughter; but what was I to do with her, and two children of my own (which I had then) to support?'

'The parish made you an allowance for them, didn't it?'

'And so it ought,' replied Mary; 'I had as much right to it as the rest. However, I shan't waste my time in talking to obstinate people like you.' And, with a toss of the head, she returned into the cottage.

Collins goes home to a desolate hearth, a sickly wife, and dying child. He is in despair, and resolves to become, what his honest nature had long revolted from, a pauper. He goes to apply for relief, and, in his absence, his child expires through cold and hunger. Denied relief, he returns home half-frantic, finds his child dead, and curses the law which, by encouraging idleness, had deprived the industrious labourer of the reward due to his toil. Benevola, after witnessing these circumstances with grief, proceeds to the ale-house, where she sees men squandering on drink the allowances made to them by the parish to make up for their low wages, and to aid in supporting their children. 'She saw that a reliance upon parish relief had destroyed the great principle of self-reliance and independent exertion; that it had blunted the finer feelings of our nature among the labouring population, and severed, or at least weakened, the social ties which unite the son to the father, the daughter to the mother. She became sensible that her mistake had been, not in affording relief to the destitute, but in giving it on too easy terms; in rendering relief too general and indiscriminate; and in not subjecting the asserted destitution of the claimant to some test to prove the reality of its existence.'

She saw also that there was one other defect in the law which she had taken such pains to establish. It was therein declared that each parish should be compelled to support its own poor, and that each applicant should be relieved in the place in which he was born, or to which he belonged. Benevola had considered this a fair and equitable provision at the time, but she now perceived the injurious consequences it had produced: for no labourer would leave his own parish to seek for work elsewhere, as, in case of failure, it was there alone that he could obtain relief. The market for labour was thus necessarily contracted, and liable to great fluctuations.

Benevola found likewise, that it had apparently become the interest of the farmer to employ men who were in receipt of relief from the parish, instead of those who were not so favoured, as the former could afford to work for less wages, being in part supported out of the poor-rates, to which they naturally looked to make up all deficiencies. This of necessity disturbed the natural relations between the master and the labourer: the former had no longer an immediate interest in the welfare of his workmen; and the latter, suspicious of the farmer, and rendered in a great measure independent of him, by the portion of their wages which they received from the parish, became rude and surly in their manners, and idle and careless in their work; whilst the certainty of obtaining parish pay, in case of being out of employment, rendered them indifferent about the means of procuring it.'

In short, Benevola becomes convinced that her first law was wrong, and she sets about the establishment of a new one, the main feature of which was, that the workhouse should be a test of destitution for the able-bodied. Having accomplished this object, she summons it again for some years in the south, but at length pays England another visit. Coming to the same village, she finds it in a better condition than even at first. The woodbines were growing as thickly as ever round Mrs Martin's cottage. 'A labourer was about to unlatch the little garden-gate, when a gentleman on horseback rode up, and stopping opposite the cottage, called out, "Good evening, Simmons. How have you arranged with farmer Greatrix?" The man touched his hat respectfully, and coming forward, said, "Oh, thank your honour, pretty well at the last. Mr Greatrix was kind enough to say he would give me a trial; and after the first few months, he told me he was quite satisfied with me, and would take me on for the year."

'But,' continued the gentleman, 'I want to know what effect the stopping of all parish pay, and the restriction of relief to the workhouse, has had on

your condition. When the new law was passed, I was abroad, you know; and I want to learn all about its operation, and how you find that you are affected by it, from beginning to end.'

'Why, you see, sir,' said Simmons, 'settling his neckerchief, and twitching his coat-sleeves, proud of being thus questioned by a gentleman of so much consequence as Mr Hartland, "when they first told us that no more relief was to be given out of the workhouse, all we who were in the habit of applying to the parish thought ourselves shamefully ill-used. A gentleman, and a member of Parliament, too, I believe, came down among us, and told us that we had as much right to support from the poor-rates as any lord in the land had to his estate. He said that we must take the law into our own hands, and do ourselves justice: that to separate man and wife, as was done in the workhouse, was against the Scriptures; in short, that government had neither the right, nor would it have the power, to carry such a law into execution, if we stood manfully up for our own privileges, as we ought to do. Well, sir, we all thought this very proper, and very fine—for he was a very clever gentleman, and talked away about our natural rights, and the Bible, and said that all men were made equal, and that the riches of a country lay in the labour of the people, and that the people ought to be served first, and have the power in their own hands—for a better than three hours; and his tongue was going all the while as fast as farmer Croft's mill in a high wind. But, somehow, we found that to break the law brought a punishment along with it; for when, according to his advice, we determined to smash the workhouse, and actually did break in the doors and windows, a party of soldiers was sent against us, and the most active amongst us were taken before the magistrates; and one, Tom Evans, was transported, and several of the rest were sentenced to imprisonment and the tread-wheel.'

'Well, sir, we didn't like this, you may be sure, and we then determined, one and all, to go into the workhouse when next they offered it to us; for we thought that it would never hold us all, and that then they would be obliged to return to the old custom of giving us parish allowance out of the house. But when the day came—it was on a Monday that relief was first refused—only one-half of us went in; I was among them; the rest got frightened and slunk off, leaving us floored.'

However, we didn't remain in long, and were mostly out before the end of the first week; for we found that the old and the new workhouses were very different, and the guardians weren't to be frightened as the old overseer was. The farmers, too, after this offered us fair wages, and we all gradually fell to working again, and have continued so ever since; and we are now, I think, happier and better off than we were before, as we are employed regularly the whole year round; for a farmer can always find something to be done rather than turn his men off in the winter, especially when he knows that he would have to support them in the workhouse till spring comes round again; and that then he might not find them when he wanted them.'

'Well,' said the gentleman, with a smile, 'I am glad that you have thus found out the evils of the old, and the benefit of the new, poor-law. But did the farmers give you higher wages afterwards, on the lowering of the rates?'

'Why, no, sir, not exactly that, I think, although they ought to have done so; but then they have employed us constantly all the year round, which, you know, comes to much the same thing in the end.'

'And what has become of Dick Mansfield? Has he been poaching again?' said the gentleman. 'He has not been before me since my return.'

'Oh, sir, he and his wife shipped themselves off for America, and I'm sure the parish is well rid of them, at any rate.'

'And John Cole, and Sam Evans—what has become of them?'

'Why, Sam Evans died of a fever, brought on by drinking. His wife, you know, sir, was a tidy, industrious young woman. Well, we did not like her to go into the workhouse; so, with the help of some of the neighbouring gentry, we clubbed and bought her a mangle; and she and her family are now doing well. Cole has turned a tee-totaller, and is become very sober and industrious.'

'And where is your wife's mother—is she still in the workhouse?'

'Old Mrs Martin, your honour means. Oh, no, sir; the guardians said we must pay something towards her support, so we thought we might as well have her at home again. Poor old creature! I thought she would have died of joy before she got over the threshold; and my wife and me, we cried like a couple of children. And then she is so useful with us—she knits all the stockings, and better and faster than e'er a one in the village; and teaches the children, who are as fond of her as possible; and when my wife and me want a bit of good advice, we always go to Mother Martin: so now we would as soon go there ourselves, as send her into the workhouse.'

'There is one other family I want to ask you about—the Collines,' said the gentleman.

Simmons shook his head, as he answered, 'We are all very fond of Collins, poor fellow; and the farmers always give him the lightest jobs to do. But he'll never be the man he was, sir; he has a bad cough at

times, and nothing seems to cure him. Mrs Collins, poor thing, does all she can, but she's very sickly herself.'

The gentleman sighed, and after a short pause, said, 'Have you anything in the savings' bank?'

'Oh yes, sir, I've a matter of ten pounds; and I am in the labourer's sick-club, too, and my eldest boy and girl attend the new school.'

'I am glad to hear it. Good evening, Simmons.'

'Good evening, sir. I hope Mrs Hartland and the young ladies are pretty well.'

'Quite well, thank you.' And Mr Hartland rode on.

The fairy followed Simmons to the door of his cottage, and, as he entered, concealed herself in her old hiding-place.

A neatly-dressed good-looking woman was standing by an old-fashioned round oak-table, upon which stood a tea-tray, with some gay-coloured cups and saucers. She was busily occupied in cutting substantial slices of bread and butter, and upon Simmons's entrance she looked up and smiled, saying, as she poured some water into the teapot, 'What has kept you so long, Will, this evening? I fear the "Hen-and-Chickens" was too tempting for you.'

Simmons laughed at this mention of the 'Hen-and-Chickens,' to which, in former times, he had been too apt to resort, and explained the cause of his delay: then, taking the youngest child in his arms, he tossed it almost up to the ceiling, making the little thing laugh and crow with delight.

The elder children were gathered round their grandmother's knee: she was telling them a story; and it must have been a very interesting one, not only from the attentive and breathless eagerness of her little auditors, but even the old woman's knitting lay neglected in her lap, and her black-rimmed spectacles had been taken off, in order to give additional impressiveness to her tale. In the nicely-plaited cap and clean printed handkerchief, Benevola recognised Mrs Martin's tidiness of attire, as well as her mild intelligent expression of features in the old woman's face.

The fairy then passed on to the next cottage.

Close to the window sat a thin delicate-looking woman. She was working, and her needle seemed almost to fly through the cloth, so quickly did her fingers move. A little girl was sweeping up the hearth, and another 'wee totling thing' was trying to climb upon its mother's knee. There was an expression of patient sadness on her countenance, which told of past sufferings; but the smile which lighted up her worn features, as she stooped to kiss the rosy, laughing little urchin, seemed sweeter from its sorrow.

Uncertain, at first, whether it was indeed Mary Collins, the fairy leant forward to obtain a better view of the woman, who had again bent over her work; when hearing a step behind her, she turned, and saw Collins himself coming slowly up the little garden. His cheek was slightly flushed; but the anxious expression of his eye, and his feeble step, betokened ill health. Want, grief, and disappointment, had sown the seeds of a disease which was now fast hurrying him to an early grave.

Benevola sighed; and as soon as Collins had entered his cottage, continued her progress through the village, where everything wore an appearance of peace and comfort.

The kindly feelings between the master and the labourer had once more taken root; the money, before employed, in the shape of poor-rates, in encouraging idleness, now went to increase production. Wages had generally risen, and employment had certainly increased, on the abolition of the old law—the farmer finding it more conducive to his interests to employ a greater number of labourers on his land, and to give them higher wages, than to support them in the workhouse; whilst the labourer, depending on the farmer for his wages, found his advantage in industry and good conduct.

It is true that, in seasons of scarcity, privation must in some degree be experienced by all, and of course most heavily by the poorer classes, in consequence of the raised price of provisions; but an increase of price, if caused by a diminution of the usual supply, is, perhaps, the only means by which extreme distress can be averted; for, unless the quantity of food consumed be early reduced, the stock would be exhausted before the period for the new crop arrived, and the people, in the latter part of the season, would be left wholly without food. No human law can prevent these variations in the supply of the necessities of life, or guard against the distress which they occasion. This can only be done by individual effort, care, and foresight; and hence the importance of industrious and provident habits in a people.

The sun was just sinking below the horizon, and the grey sombre clouds of evening were gradually encroaching on the glowing west, when Benevola sprang from the earth, and once more directed her flight towards her native skies. The buoyant air seemed to bear her onward without effort; a radiant smile was on her lips, and her clear dark eye shone with more than usual lustre, as she paused to take a last look at the village, where she had at first unintentionally been the means of doing so much harm—and afterwards, when tutored by experience, of effecting so much good.'

The object of this tale, as the reader will have perceived, is to delineate, in a fictitious form, the comparative characters of the old and new poor-laws of



England. That the task is executed with taste, spirit, and feeling, the reader will have become equally well aware. Another and larger part of the volume is devoted to a similar view of the condition of Ireland before and since the introduction of the poor-law. We heartily recommend "Benevola" to public attention.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

## MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

It has been very striking, on some recent occasions, how completely both the Americans and French misunderstand the British. Any one who reads Thiers's History of the French Revolution—the only book which gives us any idea of the French feelings on that subject, at the time and since—will be satisfied that the great war of 1793 took its rise in a similar misunderstanding of British notions and feelings by the French people, and *vice versa*. On all such occasions, Nation A supposes Nation B to be animated by similar feelings to what it feels would animate itself in like circumstances; it supposes Nation B to have views and objects similar to its own; it imagines Nation B to contemplate every thing in that same light which arises from its own idiosyncrasy or peculiarity of mental constitution. Now, the fact is, that Nation B has different feelings, objects, and ways of considering things, from Nation A altogether; and Nation A is therefore under a complete mistake. The mistake is usually mutual, and hence the two nations are said, quite truly, to *misunderstand* each other.

It becomes a curious question, if, since nations have each a peculiar mental organisation, it be possible that they can ever thoroughly understand each other. It is our belief that nations so different as the French and British, never will fully do so, though serious quarrels may nevertheless be avoided through the influence of the more rational on both sides, and time and increased intercourse may do much to enable them to see some important matters in the same light.

In nations there are parties, such as our Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals, and sets of people, such as those we call the religious world, the fashionable world, the sporting world, &c.—all of whom are different from each other in mental organisation and acquired habits of thinking and feeling, just as nations are. If any one candidly inquires into the characters of these various parties and sets, he will find them all respectively attributing to each other views, objects, and ways of regarding things, which are respectively disclaimed, and which, in all cases, arise almost solely from peculiarities in the imputing parties themselves: he will find, in short, that they all misunderstand each other, exactly as nations do. Here, also, we do not see how any thing but mutual misunderstanding to a certain extent can be expected, considering that the parties are naturally so different that they never can see any one thing in exactly the same light.

To come down into private life. Some individuals are as diverse from each other as nations or parties. Constituted differently at the beginning, and trained throughout life to different convictions and different habits of feeling, they appear as if they had scarcely any one point of character in common. The simplest case presented to their understandings, is taken up by them quite differently, each considering it under the influence of his own governing sentiments, and each therefore coming to his own particular conclusion. When persons so diversely characterized are by any chance brought together, five minutes will not elapse before they are at loggerheads, unless they be both alike so much under the influence of the conventional rules of society as to put a disguise and a restraint on all they think and feel. It is utterly impossible that such persons, if much in each other's company, can avoid falling into what are called misunderstandings: their nature admits of no other result.

Is there any thing to give uneasiness to a benevolent mind in these speculations? Rightly regarded, we would hope there is not. The diversity in the characters of nations, parties, and individuals, is a natural institution, intended, we may be well assured, for ends upon the whole good. Instead of denying its existence or explaining away its results, let us look it straight in the face, and endeavour to make the best of it. Misunderstandings, it is scarcely necessary to observe, are constantly taking place, whether we think them avoidable or not. In regarding them as unavoidable under certain circumstances, it appears to us that we are just making the first step towards an improved course of conduct respecting misunderstandings. Suppose nations were fully aware how natural it is for them to misjudge each other, each would surely have reason to be more cautious in taking up the proceedings of the opposite party in an offensive light. "Ah, poor nation A," B might say, "that is just its way—always supposing its honour called in question, when no one is so much as thinking of it!" So, instead of whipping out Bilbo also, B keeps quite quiet, and the wrath of A soon going off, all is well again. The acknowledgment of this truth might also serve as a powerful reason for one nation abstaining from interference with the social or political arrangements of another. So little prepared as each must be to comprehend the likings, tendencies, and needs of another, how can it be presumed that any one is fitted to dictate to another in any thing! Did parties see that it is a decree of nature which

ranges them under different dogmas, and sends them into different fields of speculation and amusement, they would see less to be offended with in each other. Individuals might in the same way agree to differ, as the Hibernian said, or come to an amicable understanding that they were not made to be friends, instead of persisting in a vain attempt to be harmonious, which only produced the greater discord. In short, by seeing the matter in this philosophical light, there would be far less of real misunderstanding between both large bodies of men and individuals, than what at present exists.

## DIFFICULTY OF BECOMING GREAT.

Bacon speaks of one's having children, as giving hostages to fortune that he will never do any thing great. Perhaps the more burden of a family is less obstructive of great actions, than the force of opinion and remark which every man more or less finds bearing upon him from relations and neighbours. This judging power, which every man sits under, is of great effect in repressing absurdities and preventing errors; but it also operates to an immense extent in chilling generous ambition and frustrating gallant enterprises. Many a man continues little, because of the tremendous battery of ridicule and blame which he knows would be opened all round him if he were to make the least effort to be great. Even the inclination to attain to superior mental cultivation and refinement of manners, is checked by the sneers of those who choose to continue ignorant and rude. It often, indeed, appears hard to say whether this private kind of public opinion which surrounds all men, does most good by maintaining a certain tolerable standard of conduct, or harm by so often repressing the tendencies of individuals to better things.

## THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

At an early hour in the morning, and before railways were established, a gentleman arrived in a post-chaise and four at Winchester, on the road from Southampton to London. Having obtained fresh horses, he proceeded without a moment's delay; and had scarcely left the inn door when another carriage, from the same direction, with a single individual in it, drove up.

There was something in the countenance of this person, whose complexion indicated long residence in a warmer climate than that of England, which showed anxiety and the contemplation of some important subject; nor did the waiter fail to notice in one of the pockets of his chaise, when it stopped at the inn door, from which the other traveller had just started, either a case of silver-mounted pistols, or some instruments resembling those deadly weapons.

The first traveller, who had obtained a glance at the other, appeared considerably disconcerted, and immediately desired his post-boys to drive as fast as possible. He was obeyed, and reached Papinlane in a very short time; here he changed horses, and proceeded in the same rapid manner; and was congratulating himself on his progress, when, to his surprise, he perceived at a turn of the road, about a mile behind him, a chaise which he conjectured to contain the same person who had so nearly overtaken him at the first stage, and whom he supposed to be at least four miles in his rear.

"This is most vexatious," said he; "after all my efforts, I shall be too late! I must move faster." But he had on this part of his journey to deal with a steady, solemn kind of postilion on the near wheeler, who, having terribly overworked his horses during the preceding month of the Ascot races, and justly considering that ten miles an hour was now a very fast pace for them, was deaf to the traveller's earnest solicitations for increased speed.

The gentleman threatened—that had no effect; coaxed, but in vain. Jem shook his head; grunted out that "The roads never vent no vorser nor 'eavier for 'orses." The passenger showed gold between his forefinger and thumb. The drivers both declared, like honest and humane men, such as are rarely met in similar circumstances, that "they couldn't hilltreat their cattle."

The traveller inside became agitated, and doubled his offered bribe for a gallop. "I vont kill my 'orses," said Jem, indignantly, "for hany money."

The gentleman threw himself backwards in despair; after a moment or two he leaned forward, put out his head, and then put it in again—seemed to labour with some oppressive secret, which he was about to impart. "Will you," said he, in a voice almost inarticulate from his earnestness—"will you then drive to save a man's life?"

The postboys looked back at him for an instant. He was evidently in extreme anxiety; his whole heart and soul were engaged in the object which had occasioned his journey; and now that they were informed of an adequate cause for haste, they became at once alive to its necessity. "Yes," pursued the gentleman, who saw at once the sensations he had happily produced, "if I am not with the high-sheriff of the city of London this day at one o'clock, an innocent man will be hanged."

"A man hanged!" rejoined Jem, tickling the flank of his horse with his only spur; "a man's life against 'orse flesh hany day. I'm blowed but we'll make the cattle go if hits hin 'em."

And they did go at a frightful rate. Had an axle

broken, a wheel come off, or any collision occurred with another vehicle, the results would probably have been most disastrous; and even the breaking of a trace, or the stumbling of a foundered horse, might have rendered all their efforts unavailing to save the life of the poor convict, now poised, as the drivers had been told in such a critical and appalling state of peril. It was altogether a sad hour of intense and absorbing interest.

As they entered on a common, Jem's hat was blown off by a gust of wind. He hastily pulled up a little, for he had a regard for the beaver independently of its value, and looked significantly at the traveller, who was counting minutes, as if he would have said—"May I get down and pick it up?" "No, no," quickly and decidedly said the other; "here, take mine."

Jem's head was encased in the new envelope; he was quite satisfied, and drove manfully to Basinstoke, where there was a solitary post-house.

"Turn out four posters instantly," roared the gentleman. "How many pair have you at home?" inquired he, breathlessly, of the head hostler.

"Five pair, sir."

He paused a moment. "Let a chaise and four start this moment before me to Hartley Wintney; turn out another chaise and four for myself; and let the remaining pair go with another chaise instantly to Papinlane, and remain there until evening. Can any other horses be obtained here or near us?" "No, sir," replied the hostler in astonishment, thinking that the supply was already quite sufficient for any individual traveller.

"All right," said the gentleman; who, having first seen that the chaise and pair was dispatched in a gallop on the Papinlane road, and the two four-horse chaises ready (and all this was effected in five minutes), jumped into one of them, and, preceded by the other, dashed off at a furious rate.

The information had been passed from Jem and his comrade to the fresh postboys, that a man's life depended on their driving, and that the fees were munificent. This stage was run with speed accordingly. "Out with four horses immediately," was the order again issued and obeyed with promptitude at Hartley. The second chaise, however, was allowed to stop—and why that unoccupied carriage had been driven there as a pioneer to that in which the traveller sat alone, was a mystery to every one in the village who had witnessed its entrée, and especially to the postillions, who could not comprehend why the strange gentleman should have ordered it out in such a hurry, and paid them so liberally, for no apparent object—for what had the life of the condemned man to do with the movements of the empty chaise!

The mystery was not solved by the supposition that it had been sent for a physician, surgeon, accoucheur, or eloping lady; nor did it contain even a case of duelling pistols, nor any thing that could have furnished a solution of the cause for which it had been rattled along at such a desperate rate; nay, the puzzle was increased by the information of the postboys, that a third chaise, without a passenger to occupy it, had been dispatched by the same party in all haste back to Papinlane.

The door was again closed, the order to drive on repeated, and the gentleman within, amidst endless speculations, rolled away as before.

The most probable conjecture was, that the poor gentleman was deranged in his intellects, and under some hallucination had engaged the post-carriages, and driven so furiously. Yet, as he paid so very liberally for his unaccountable whim, and had sufficient cunning to detect any imposition practised to keep back any of the horses, no attempt was made to oppose his extraordinary proceedings.

The excitement of the gentleman, from whatever sources originated, was rather increased than diminished when he jumped from the chaise into a cab, and approached the city along the Strand. The interposition of obstacles of every kind at Temple Bar and Ludgate Street was, in the state of his mind, intolerable, and he could have cried with vexation as his way was blocked up by rows of waggons and coaches.

Time pressed; he pulled the check string, and before the cabman could look about, was running along the Flagway in old Broad Street. The cabman roared after him—the traveller ran the faster—the hue and cry after the man without the hat increased—the pursued was rather fat and thick-winded, and was soon overtaken and collared by the pursuing police. In vain he expostulated, blustered, and proffered bribes; he threw his purse to the captors, told them to pay the cabman as much as they pleased, and assured them that he was Sir Benjamin Bustle, knight, alderman, and a city magistrate.

The policemen, who were lately nominated to that district of the city, and unacquainted with his person, very naturally disbelieved his assertion; and seeing him without his hat, and hearing the cabman, who had followed in their wake, declare that "the 'gemman' was honly unscrewed in the 'ead," were about to form the same conclusion, and conduct the prisoner to the nearest lunatic asylum, when, by one of those lucky coincidences which are not of frequent occurrence, a passer-by, known in the neighbourhood, recognised and identified the hurried and persecuted traveller as the real Sir Benjamin Bustle, and obtained his liberation.

The two gentlemen walked off arm in arm, and their first movement, through the noisy and laughing crowd,



was to a hatter's shop, where Sir Benjamin—talking, however, earnestly the whole way to his friend—provided himself with a new hat, but with so much precipitation that it was unfitted to the head for which it was purchased.

His liberator seemed now as much disposed to rapidity of motion as the other: they both entered a carriage together, gave directions to the driver to stop at one or two houses, and then dismissed him.

The clock of one of the principal public edifices of the city had just struck four, as the friend of the traveller came out of the building with the jaunty step of one who had effected an important purpose. He was immediately met by Sir Benjamin Bustle, who whispered some question in his ear, to which the answer appeared most satisfactory, for the knight instantaneously exchanged his previous air of solicitude and doubt for that of self-satisfaction and quietude: as he walked alertly along with his friend, his brightened eye, rapid enunciation, animated action, and elastic step, as he seemed to detail the circumstances of his hurried journey, showed that he was at that moment a successful and happy man—he seemed at peace with all the world, and on especially good terms with himself.

If any close observer of the human character had marked his entire conduct and demeanour from the preceding evening at Southampton to the conclusion of his journey, and his present deportment, he would have felt certain that Sir Benjamin had been charged with an important mission of very difficult accomplishment, and that he had perfectly succeeded: he would readily have believed that the life of a fellow-creature—as intimated to the postboys—was the stake for which the indefatigable knight had run his rapid and anxious course. And the philanthropist would have honoured him for such exertions of a warm and active benevolence.

The facts, however, were these. Sir Benjamin Bustle had gone down in a stage-coach on the preceding day to Southampton, on some mercantile business: at the inn where he stopped was a gentleman who had just landed from Lisbon, and who was evidently too much debilitated by his voyage to proceed to London without a night's repose.

The travellers supped in the same room, and being both of the mercantile body, entered into conversation on commercial subjects; in the course of which an observation incautiously escaped from the Lisbon individual, which, if known on the Stock Exchange, would instantaneously produce a most influential effect upon the Portuguese funds, in which the London merchant had largely speculated, and in which the other also was deeply interested.

Sir Benjamin, being a very shrewd man, said nothing of his promptly formed resolution of starting at day-break the next morning for the city, in order to have a new speculation in the Portuguese funds completed before the arrival of the other gentleman in town, or any possible communication from him by which the important intelligence could transpire before his own arrival.

Having at once perceived the bearings of the matter, he assumed an air of indifference, and avoided subsequent allusion to commercial subjects as much as possible; and, for the time, succeeded in satisfying the Portuguese trader that the importance of the disclosure he had unfortunately made had not been appreciated by his temporary companion; and, at all events, that there was no probability of the knight's going immediately to London, whence he had only that evening departed. Aware, however, of the vast importance of being himself in the metropolis, or communicating with his partners at the earliest possible hour next day, our Lisbon friend ordered a chaise to be ready at four o'clock in the morning, and departed at that hour precisely. His amazement, therefore, may be imagined, when he perceived that the carriage in advance of him at the first stage contained the portly and unmistakable person of the alderman, whose movements now left no doubt of the real state of affairs.

This accounts for the race between the parties, and Sir Benjamin's apparent extravagance in engaging all the horses at Basinstoke in order to have them out of the way on the arrival of the foreigner, who could not in such a case overtake the other, who had fresh horses the whole way onwards, and the start of some minutes besides.

It has appeared that Sir Benjamin arrived critically in time for the attainment of his purpose. His available funds were applied by Mr Bankstock—a stockbroker, and the gentleman whom he so opportunely met in the street when detained by the police—according to the instructions given by Sir Benjamin, who felt assured (and the transactions of the next day proved that he was right) that by this knowledge of the circumstances which had occurred in Portugal at the departure of the merchant in a fast-sailing packet from Lisbon, he must in a few hours realise fifty thousand pounds.

He had unexpectedly derived the information on which the success of his speculation hinged, and taken advantage of it; and so far, perhaps, his conduct was not blameable in a worldly point of view, though his stratagem to prevent the progress of the rival speculator, and his pretence to the postboys of being employed on an errand of mercy, were unquestionably so. This, however, gave him little self-reproach, and he now congratulated himself on his exceeding cleverness

in outwitting so many devoted fellow-worshippers at the shrine of Mammon.

Thousands of men, like Sir Benjamin Bustle, would travel far, and exert themselves to the utmost, to make the most of their pecuniary talents, who would not move fifty miles to save the soul or the body of a fellow-creature (supposing them to possess the power in each respect)—whose diligence in such a cause would be sloth, and whose solicitude would be apathy.

#### BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.

##### SECTION OF CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.

At this section, on the Saturday of the meeting, there was read an abstract of a report prepared and published by Professor Liebig, in consequence of a recommendation of the association, on the applications of organic chemistry in agriculture and physiology. The investigations of this foreign professor are of great value, opening up some new views of incalculable importance as to the nurture of plants, and promising to be of immense practical utility in the cultivation of the soil.

##### NEW CHEMICAL VIEWS RELATIVE TO AGRICULTURE.

The fertility of soils has hitherto been supposed to depend on a certain constituent in them, derived from the decay of former vegetables, and denominated *humus*. It was supposed that the carbon which goes so largely to the composition of plants, was derived from *humus*; in other words, that the same matter which constituted the carbon in plants of former years entered into the structure of new plants, and was thus used over and over again. The only modification of this view which physiologists admitted of, was, that the *humus* was first rendered soluble by lime, or the different alkalies found in the ashes of vegetables.

Mr Liebig has found all this to be incorrect and unsound. He has shown, from the known quantity of the alkalies in the ashes of plants, in relation to the carbon they contain, that only an insignificant fraction of the carbon could be derived from *humus* in this way. He has shown that *humus*, for its solution, requires no less than 2500 parts of water, an amount which all the rain that falls upon a field in the course of a year could not supply. Finally, he has shown that, even where large crops are annually carried from a field or meadow, the quantity of *humus* increases. The carbon of plants, he therefore argues, must be derived from other sources; and, as the soil does not yield it, it can only be extracted from the atmosphere. That small medium of carbonic acid which is found in the composition of the common air, furnishes, he contends, the main part of all that vast amount of leguminous and farinaceous substance which is every year brought forth for the use of man and beast!

This opinion is not strictly new, but has never been fully appreciated by natural philosophers, partly in consequence of their imperfect knowledge of chemistry, and partly from certain objectionable experiments which were instituted by them to decide the point. Pure Carrara marble was pounded, seeds were sown in it, and sprinkled with carbonic acid water; but they did not thrive. The result was an inference against this theory. But Mr Liebig shows that several other conditions to the healthy growing of plants were wanting in those cases, particularly the presence of nitrogen and the earthy bodies which all plants contain.

Mr Liebig has inquired into the power which is really exerted on vegetation by *humus*. This substance, he finds, in its decay, is a continued source of carbonic acid, which it takes in from the atmosphere, and emits slowly. Tilling is useful as a means of allowing the atmosphere to get down to the *humus*, in order to impart to it carbonic acid. The carbonic acid of *humus* is the support of plants until they acquire leaves, which, becoming organs for extracting the same substance from the air, then supersede the necessity of that element being derived from another quarter. The *hydrogen* which also enters so largely into the composition of plants, is derived by them from water, decomposed, Mr Liebig thinks, under the action of solar light, and from which oxygen (its other element) is set free. He has established the fact that the third of the organic elements—*nitrogen*—is uniformly derived by plants from ammonia. Most unexpectedly, he has demonstrated that ammonia exists in a minute proportion in the atmosphere. It exists in plants themselves, forming the red and blue colours in flowers. It exists largely in manure of various kinds. Mr Liebig believes that manure only acts by the formation of ammonia. There are some other substances which have been observed to produce very favourable effects upon soils. Such is pounded gypsum (the stone from which plaster of Paris is formed). Such also are burned clay and powdered charcoal. It has hitherto been incomprehensible how these substances should have so fertilising an effect. In reality, they only act as a means of extracting ammonia from the atmosphere, ammonia being the medium by which nitrogen is imparted to plants. That nitrogen is thus extracted from the atmosphere, there is an indirect proof in the fact that it is found in lichens which grow upon basaltic rocks; also that our fields produce more of it than we have given them, and it exists in all kinds of soils and minerals which were never in contact with organic substances. It

could only in these cases have been obtained from the atmosphere.

Plants contain certain varying, but always small proportions, of other and grosser substances, as demonstrated by their ashes. "Phosphate of magnesia, in combination with ammonia, is an invariable constituent of the seeds of all kinds of grasses. Plants also contain various organic acids, all of which are in combination with bases, such as potash, soda, lime, or magnesia. Of the different alkaline bases found in plants, Liebig finds reason to conclude, that any one may be substituted for another, the action of all being the same. But the number of equivalents of these various bases remains the same. The analysis of Berthier and Saussure show that the nature of a soil exercises a decided influence on the quantity of different metallic oxides contained in the plants which grow upon it: that magnesia, for example, was contained in the ashes of a pine-tree, grown at Mont Breven, while it was absent from the ashes of a tree of the same species from Mont La Saile, and that even the proportion of lime and potash was very different. But although the composition of the ashes of these pine-trees was so very different, they contained an equal number of equivalents of metallic oxides; or, what is the same thing, the quantity of oxygen contained in all the bases was in both cases the same—being expressed by the number 9.01 in one case, and by 8.95 in another, a coincidence which had escaped the notice of the analyst himself. It is certain that particular acids exist in different vegetables, and are necessary to their life; some alkaline base is also indispensable, in order to enter into combination with the acids, which are always found in the state of salts.

The perfect development of a plant is therefore dependent on the presence of alkalies, or alkaline earths, and its growth is arrested when these substances are totally wanting, and impeded when they are only deficient. Hence it is, that of two kinds of tree, the wood of which contain unequal quantities of alkaline bases, one may grow luxuriantly in several soils upon which the other can scarcely vegetate. Thus 10,000 parts of oak-wood yield 250 parts of ashes, and the same quantity of fir-wood only 83 parts. Hence, firs and pines find a sufficient quantity of alkalies in granitic and barren sandy soils, in which oaks will not grow. Liebig supplies various additional illustrations of the influence of the alkaline metallic oxides on vegetation, amply sufficient to place beyond controversy these conclusions so important to agriculture and to the cultivation of forests. One of these may be quoted: a harvest of grain is obtained every thirty or forty years from the soil of the Luneburg heath, by sowing it with the ashes of the heath plants which grow on it. These plants, during the long period mentioned, collect the potash and soda from the decomposing minerals of the soil, which are conveyed to them by rain water; and it is by means of these alkalies that oats, barley, and rye, to which they are indispensable, are enabled to grow on this sandy heath.

The supposition of alkalies, metallic oxides, or organic matter in general, being produced by plants, is entirely refuted by such well-authenticated facts.

It is thought very remarkable, that those plants of the grass tribe, the seeds of which furnish food for man, follow him like the domestic animals. But none of our corn plants can bear perfect seeds, that is, seeds yielding flour, without a large supply of phosphate of magnesia and ammonia, substances which they require for their maturity. Hence these plants grow only in a soil where these three constituents are found combined, and no soils are richer in them than those where men and animals dwell together."

We cannot here follow Professor Liebig into the applications which he makes of his discoveries to the purposes of the practical agriculturist; but these, we are assured, are of a most important kind.† In the mean time, the great truth seems now ascertained, that the soil is but an apparatus for elaborating vegetable substances out of the wind and water which fly around our globe. If we might be allowed a playful remark on such a subject, we would say that the old superstition of the chameleon living upon air is true after all, and true of all the other vertebrata, man himself included; only it is not upon air in its direct form that the multitudes of earth are fed, but upon matters drawn from it by a chemistry as subtle as it is sure in its working, and which affords a most striking illustration of the power of the Deity to work out the grandest ends from the most simple means.

#### A THIEVES' SOOTHISAYER IN MANCHESTER.

The public are not perhaps aware how much it is the custom in Manchester for young delinquents, before committing any offence, to consult some dealer in the "black art" as to the chances of their escape, or detection and punishment. A striking instance of this practice recently occurred in the case of a youth, who being apprehended in the act of committing a felony, declared that it was not his fault, or from any want of dexterity on his part, that he had been apprehended, but that it was his fate; for that Alexander the astrologer had predicted that he (the delinquent) would succeed in three thefts, and be taken in the fourth attempt, and

\* Newspaper report.

† We gladly make reference to the volume in which Professor Liebig's investigations have been published. Taylor and Walton: London.



that so it had turned out. Alexander being immediately apprehended by the police, was found with all the symbols of the "occult science" upon him; but he denied having any knowledge of these, and from some defect in the evidence against him, he was acquitted. This man (who is held in great reverence and fear by the young thieves in Manchester) is about sixty years of age, and has been for many years one of the greatest pests in the town.—*Neale's Juvenile Delinquency in Manchester.*

## EASTERN SPORTS.

THE dedication of "Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands," a little work which has just passed through the press, is so extremely characteristic of the spirit which pervades its whole contents, as to be worthy of quotation:—"To his best and earliest friend, to the friend of the British seaman, and the pride of his profession, to 'Old' Charley Napier, C.B., Count Cape St Vincent, &c. &c., is dedicated this first production from the pen of his attached and grateful admirer, the author." It is proper to observe that this author, who so familiarly addresses the restorer of the Portuguese monarchy, is his near relative, Major E. Napier.\* The style of the inscription would lead the reader to expect something lively and entertaining in the narrative which it prefaces, and in this respect he will not be disappointed. The major is a gallant soldier, fond of adventure, and abundantly stored with animal spirits—so much so, that they ooze from his pen at every page; and the "sports that mimic war," which he seems to have pursued with uncommon zest, afford him an abundance of incidents on which to build a lively and attractive narrative.

India was the chief scene of our soldier's recorded adventures. We shall begin our extracts with a scene from our author's eastern sports, which will probably amuse the reader as much as it has done us. "Whilst on the subject of dogs, I cannot forbear mentioning a pack which we attempted to set on foot, and which, from the variety of curs of which it was composed, went by the name of the *Baubery* Hunt. Our ambition did not extend beyond bagged foxes and jackals; however, on one occasion, after circulars had been issued to all the members of the Baubery, stating the time and place of meeting, no fox was to be had for love or money; we were completely nonplussed. At last a brilliant idea struck me: I sent my servant to the bazaar, with directions to catch a dog that bore the greatest resemblance to a jackal; he returned with an animal certainly in shape not unlike what we wanted, but not at all tallying in colour, our captive being perfectly white. It was, however, too late to replace him; our only plan was to disguise him as best we might. There happened to be some red paint at hand; we set immediately about his toilet, and no lady ever applied rouge with more effect: in five minutes he looked so beautiful that his mother would not have known him. But it was not in the power of paint to change the shape of his tail; therefore, having supplied ourselves with the brush of a defunct jackal, we cunningly fitted this to his sparker-boom with sundry pieces of whipcord; and putting the finishing touch to his dress by anointing him with oil of aniseed, he was carefully deposited in a sack, placed on the shoulders of a horse-keeper, and conveyed to a bit of jungle about a quarter of a mile from the meeting place, and four or five from the cantonment.

We mustered on that day a strong field; it was, moreover, cloudy, and promised good scent. Ten minutes' law was allowed to the 'painter'; the dogs were then put on his track, and went off full cry. Every one swore it was likely to be the best run we had yet had. I—n, an old Yorkshire breakneck, was in ecstacy. 'There he goes,' cried he, as we viewed the brute, 'there he goes! A fine fellow he is, and what a pace he keeps up! But hold hard, gentlemen; don't ride over the dogs.' I—n was the oracle of the hunt, and the party was put down as a jackal of the first water. At first his long legs had the best of our little mongrel terriers, but their bottom soon began to tell. We were now running in view; and as we gained on him, several of the knowing ones began to be sadly puzzled; for although the paint was good, and had moreover been laid on thick, it was not entirely proof against bushes and water, and a piece of swampy ground we had just crossed had done a great deal towards softening the tints. To make short of a long story, the poor party died the death amidst shouts of merriment from all who witnessed his *rouge* and false feathers. I said *all* who saw the fun—but no; there was *one*, our oracle, who did not enjoy the joke: he said it was a boyish trick, withdrew his patronage, and never more risked his reputation by joining the 'Baubery Hunt.'

Those extraordinary creatures called adjutants, birds of great size which serve as scavengers for the barracks at Calcutta, seem to afford infinite amusement to the officers stationed there. Major Napier records the following incident, told by one of his companions, respecting these huge, glutinous birds:—"Wishing to carry on my experiments with the adju-

tants, I enticed a favourite little Blenheim lap-dog, belonging to one of the ladies of the family, into the square, in view of the adjutants. The latter appeared at first undecided what course to pursue, a real Blenheim being a delicacy to which they had probably not been accustomed. In the mean time, the poor little dog, nothing abashed at the attention bestowed upon him, was sauntering carelessly and fearlessly along, as he might, under similar circumstances, have done at home, in a barn-yard well stocked with turkeys and fowls. At this moment, a huge adjutant gravely approached, and only moving the muscles of his countenance to yawn destruction on the unhappy little animal, took him quietly up, and the next moment he disappeared down the deep abyss opened to receive him. A piercing shriek warned me, in my place of concealment, that other eyes had beheld the metamorphosis of the dog into a 'swallow.' The next instant, a fair form, with dishevelled locks, was rushing across the square; but 'twas too late. The adjutant majestically soared aloft, and I beheld him alight on the highest pinnacle of a distant building; where, 'like patience on a monument smiling at grief,' he leisurely and complacently appeared to await the progress of digestion."

But we are in a measure wasting time, for we imagine that our gallant soldier's adventures with animals of a more dangerous stamp than dogs and adjutants constitute the cream of his book. First, for a tiger-scene. "We thus (says the major, speaking of an excursion) sauntered carelessly along, until, as we approached the rock, an object attracted our attention which put us on the *qui vive*; it was the carcass of a sheep nearly devoured, and that recently. This smelt rather *tigerish*, particularly as the underwood at the foot of the rock was extremely thick and tangled, affording likely covert for a beast of prey; we therefore proceeded cautiously. Nothing, however, particularly fixed our attention until we had nearly reached the summit: here, on a ledge of granite overlooking a chasm many feet in depth, and in front of an aperture in the rock, we saw a quantity of tiger's hair, as if he had been in the habit of basking there in the sun. We resolved, therefore, to lie in ambush immediately above the fissure, which we supposed to be his den, and patiently await until he should emerge, when we might get a shot at him within a few feet, and before he could be aware of our presence.

But in this world the best concerted plans are liable to be frustrated. We had not been ten minutes in our position, when, instead of coming, as we expected, from under our feet, and allowing us to take him in the rear, a slight rustling in the bushes immediately in front of us was followed by a noble royal tiger, advancing most majestically along the ledge of rock. At first, he did not perceive us, and we allowed him to approach a few paces: he then looked up, viewed us, and made a dead stop. Not a second was to be lost; he was within twelve yards, and a single bound would have sent at least one of the party to eternity. We both fired instantaneously, and both with effect: he reared himself up on his hind legs, as if to make a forward bound, fell back, and rolled headlong into the abyss below. My ball had hit him between the eyes; G—'s had struck him in the loins.

I know not how he found himself; but I must confess that, although my hand was steady enough when I fired, after the business was over, and I was again proceeding to load, it felt *unkimmon* tremulous, much as if I had had a glass 'de trop' overnight. As to the poor devil of a black fellow who had accompanied us, he was a perfect chameleon, his polished black phiz being transmogrified into an ashy blue."

On another occasion, the major, when sporting alone, met and shot a large bear. He must have been in great peril, but he speaks of the affair as coolly as if he had been shooting snipes. Having heard of a most destructive bear, he sallied out with an old (and comparatively inefficient) native attendant, "determined, in spite of rocks and briars, to penetrate into the heart of his stronghold, and beard the lion in his very den; but in so doing I had to encounter a thousand difficulties, for, after proceeding some distance up the hill, I was often obliged to creep along on all fours through this intricate maze. I had just emerged from this awkward position, followed by Chennoo, when, at the turn of a rock, a large bear appeared within ten paces. The brute was advancing very slowly, and looking up in my face with the most ludicrous gravity, which I soon put an end to by giving him my left barrel through the head, whereupon the facetious monster rose capering on his hind legs; bang went No. 2 barrel, and over rolled friend Bruin, apparently lifeless. Immediately from the spot whereon he lay extended, arose a din which might have awakened the dead. For an instant I was taken quite aback, but soon recollected it to be a second edition of the music I had heard some days before from the top of the rock; and hastening to ascertain the cause, to my surprise I beheld two young cubs, holding on like sick monkeys by the long and shaggy coat of their prostrate dam, and roaring most lustily. I had no idea of letting the youngsters slip through my fingers; so running up, I laid hold of each by the scruff of the neck, and attempted to drag them off their maternal hold. In the mean time, the old lady, who apparently had only been in a trance, feeling something unusual going on, with an effort recovered her legs, and began with one fore-paw to wipe away the blood and brains

which were trickling over her eyes and obscuring her visual organs. Luckily Chennoo, who carried my spear and rifle, was at hand, and, applying the muzzle of the latter to her ear, I settled her instantaneously. The young bears were carried off to our cantonment."

It would be difficult to have a fair conception of the amount of courage requisite to perform such an act as the following, with which Major Napier closes his sporting scenes:—"Before dismissing for ever these raw-skull-and-bloody-bone tales of tigers (a name which an old Indian is now almost ashamed to pronounce), I must relate one of the most daring and successful attempts at muzzling a man-eater to be met with in sporting annals.

On the high road between Madras and Hyderabad, and about sixty miles from the latter, is a small place called Nelcondah, situated in a narrow pass between two high hills. In the beginning of 182—, a tiger took up his residence in the abandoned old fort which crowns one of these eminences, and committed almost daily depredations on the numerous travellers passing on that much-frequented road. He at last carried his audacity to such a pitch, as to walk off in broad daylight with an officer's servant from the midst of a party of sepoy. On arriving at Secunderabad, his master, who was much attached to the poor fellow from having had him long in his service, related the circumstance, and Captain W—, of the commissariat, determined on avenging his death.

W— . . . . but why should I attempt any mystery in relating as gallant an action as was ever performed by a stanch votary of Nimrod? And such was Whistler, who will not, I am sure, feel annoyed in seeing his name recorded where it so well deserves a place. Well, then, Whistler, who was no novice at this sort of work, immediately started off to the scene of action with a couple of friends. On arriving at Nelcondah, scouts were placed on the look-out, one of whom shortly announced that he had discovered the retreat of the tiger, and led the party towards the top of the hill. Here, amidst a chaos of large rocks, he pointed to a deep chasm, at the end of which was a recess, where he said the animal had retired. It was, however, impossible to get sight of him without first dropping down a height of sixteen or eighteen feet into the den below, from which there was no retreat. Whistler hesitated not, took the fearful leap, and, fortunately alighting on his feet, saw the monster quietly reposing at the farther end of the den. He gave him no time to rise, but, with the quickness of thought, levelling his rifle, sent a ball through his brain, and extended him lifeless on the spot."

The volumes of Major Napier may be safely recommended to the general reader, as forming one of the very liveliest records of personal adventure lately produced from the press. The writer is of the clay from which our Clives and Nelsons were made; and it is impossible not to admire the spirit which leads such as he, in the absence of opposing foes of their own species, to expend their adventurous energies on contests with grizzly bears and Bengal tigers, the more dangerous adversaries, often, of the two.

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE DRUNKEN SEA.

AN amusing and well-written allegory, by Dr James Henry of Dublin, under the above whimsical title, has lately been issued in the form of a small pamphlet, and we doubt not will assist the temperance movement in Ireland. We beg to offer our readers a few extracts from this Swift-like satire on intemperance:—

"Nothing can exceed the beauty of the Drunken Sea from the beach of Soberland, where you take shipping, as far as Point Just-Enough. The clear and smooth water is scarcely so much as rippled by the light breeze which wafts from the shore the fragrance of a thousand flowers. No mist ever broods upon the water, no cloud overcasts the soft blue sky. The glorious image of the sun by day, the silvery face of the moon by night, are nowhere seen to so much advantage as in the mirror of Pleasant Bay, for so this part of the Drunken Sea has been most appropriately named. The current being always towards Point Just-Enough, and the wind, if you can apply that name to the gentle breath which no more than fills your sails, always in the same direction, the passage is so smooth and easy that it not unfrequently happens that the voyager finds himself close upon the Point almost before he is aware that he has left Soberland.

The voyage is usually performed in boats made out of porter hogsheads, or wine pipes, or spirit puncheons. It is astonishing what excellent sailing boats these vessels make, when divided longitudinally, and furnished with sails and oars. Riches having the advantage every where, upon the Drunken Sea as well as upon land, the boats which are used by the rich are much more elegant, easy, and commodious, although perhaps not faster sailers, than those which are used by the poor. Besides the fares, there are certain tolls payable by all persons who sail upon the Drunken Sea. These tolls are so considerable as to form a principal part of the revenues of some of the imperial governments of Soberland. Notwithstanding the expense which is thus necessarily attendant upon sailing on the Drunken Sea, the number of persons, rich and poor, who sail upon it, exceeds all calculation; the rich paying the expense out of their superfluities, the poor out of their necessities. Some, however, insist that in the end the poor bear the whole expense, and pay out of their necessities for the rich man's voyage as well as their own.

The voyage to Point Just-Enough becomes more and more agreeable the nearer you approach the Point. The air becomes still more soft and balmy, the blue of the

\* Scenes and Sports, &c., by Major E. Napier, 46th Regiment. In 2 vols. Henry Colburn: London.

† Baubery means noise or disturbance of any kind.



sky and water still more delicious, and even the sombre objects of Soberland, now somewhat in the distance, seem to acquire a certain mellowness and splendour from the new medium through which they are seen. In the mean time, a corresponding change takes place in the passengers themselves; they experience an agreeable sensation of warmth, commencing at the pit of the stomach, and gradually extending from thence over the whole body; their pulse beats quicker and stronger; their breath acquires an agreeable odour, not unlike that of the sea on which they sail; their eyes become brighter and softer, and sometimes even seem to sparkle; their cheeks flush a little; their hands are sensibly warmer to the touch; their looks and gestures become animated; they feel increased strength and courage, and readiness for action; their ideas succeed each other with greater rapidity and vivacity, and are a little less obedient to the will; they regard themselves with more complacency, their neighbours with more charity; gentlemen become less solicitous about the seat of their carriages; ladies, of their caps and collars; all become less serious; less disposed to deliberate; less inclined to prayer, or any other solemn religious duty; less scrupulous about right and wrong; less tight-laced; not so very sober; more gay, good-humoured, frolicsome, frivolous; more inclined to singing, jesting, and light conversation; more voluble, energetic, eloquent; more ready to tell secrets, either of their own or their neighbours; more inclined to quarrel suddenly.

All voyagers to Point Just-Enough agree in the account which they give of their passage across Pleasant Bay, and of the agreeable sensations experienced on approaching the Point; but they disagree very much in their statements respecting the Point itself: some say that it is farther off, others that it is nearer; some that it lies more to the north, others more to the east; many assert that it recedes as you approach it, while some maintain that it moves forward, and comes to meet you before you have more than half crossed Pleasant Bay.

The voyage homewards from Point Just-Enough is much less agreeable than the voyage outwards; the air gradually loses its balminess, and the landscape its brilliant colours; the current and wind, too, although gentle, yet being against you, make it necessary to tack, and thus render the passage tedious. There are few who do not experience, as they return, some diuretic effect, as well as a slight degree of thirst, the latter of which continues after landing, and even until bed-time, unless removed by tea or coffee. The night's sleep is less soft and refreshing, but at the same time heavier than if no visit had been paid to the Point in the day; and on awaking the next morning, a degree of languor is experienced, and sometimes even a little throbbing at the temples, which symptoms, however, disappear either during the making of the toilet, or soon after breakfast, and are succeeded by a strong desire for another voyage to Point Just-Enough. This desire being gratified with as little delay as possible, the same sensations are experienced, and the same consequences ensue; and thus a habit is formed which increases in strength, until at last a daily visit to Point Just-Enough comes to be considered almost as a necessary of life.

Pleasant Bay is therefore covered from early morning until a late hour at night with boats conveying passengers of all ranks and descriptions to Point Just-Enough and back again. The intercourse is, however, by far the greatest from dinner-hour until tea-time, the evening being generally considered the most fashionable as well as the most convenient and agreeable time for the voyage. Some dine before they set out, but the greater number take their dinner on board.

Tipsy Island is always full of visitors. The sensations experienced on this island differ only in degree from those which are felt at Point Just-Enough. The pulse and heart beat a little quicker and stronger, the eyes become brighter, the skin hotter, the face more flushed, the voice louder, the gestures more vehement, the conversation less connected, the ideas rambling and incoherent. Some dance, some sing, some swear, some fight, all stagger about; some become loyal, others patriotic, some poetical, others philosophical; all are voracious, disinterested, magnanimous, chivalrous. It is usual to remain several hours, and even to pass the night upon the island. A few remain upon it for several days together; but as it is considered discreditable to be seen upon it in the morning, those who regard appearances usually leave for Soberland some time before daybreak; many fall asleep on the island, and are carried in that state to their boats. In the morning, all awake refreshed, with a parched mouth, hot skin, red eyes, aching head, and no appetite for breakfast, and spend the day drinking soda water at the great fountain on the quay of Soberland, which looks toward Pleasant Bay, and longing for evening in order to return to Tipsy Island, or at least as far as Point Just-Enough.

Tipsy Island is said to have been first discovered by Noah, who planted vines upon it. It was afterwards sacred to Bacchus, whose temple, situated about the middle of the island, is in a high state of preservation. It has been visited by Alexander the Great, and most of the illustrious men both of ancient and modern times, the names of many of whom are to be seen, carved with their own hands, upon the bark of the vines. Its daily visitors sing a song which runs nearly as follows:—

The sea, the sea, the Drunken Sea;  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free, the ever free.  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the soul, it mocks the skies,  
Or like a cradled monster lies,  
Or like a cradled monster lies.  
I'm on the sea, the Drunken Sea;  
I am where I would ever be,  
With heaven above, and hell below,  
And ruin where'er I go.  
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,  
What matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep,  
What matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride, to ride  
On the fierce, the foaming, madd'ning tide!  
When every wild wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft its tempest tune;  
And tells of Soberland far below,  
And how on the horrors the storm doth blow,  
And how on the horrors the storm doth blow.  
I never was on the Sober shore,  
But I loved the Drunk Sea more and more,  
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest.  
And a mother she was and is to me,  
For I was born, was born on the Drunken Sea,  
For I was born, was born on the Drunken Sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour, in the noisy hour when I was born;  
The storm it whistled, the thunder roll'd,  
And the lightning sear'd the skies with gold;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild,  
As welcomed to life the Drunk Sea's child,  
As welcomed to life the Drunk Sea's child.  
I have lived since then in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a jovial life,  
With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
And never have sought or sigh'd for change;  
And death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come, shall come, on the Drunken Sea,  
Shall come, shall come, on the Drunken Sea.

We recommend this excellent parody on the favourite song of "The Sea" to be sung at all public temperance meetings.

#### IMPROVERS OF AGRICULTURE.

It is curious, that many to whom improvements in agriculture are traced, were not professional farmers, but men engaged in other pursuits, who, with cultivated minds, turned their attention also to this subject. Thus, the first English Treatise on Husbandry was written by Sir A. Fitzherbert, Judge of the Common Pleas in 1534, and from this, Harte, Canon of Windsor, in his *Essays on Agriculture*, dates the revival of agriculture in England. Tusser, the author of "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry," published in 1562, was a scholar of Eton, and afterwards of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, before he applied to farming and literature. Sir R. Weston, who was Ambassador from England to the Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia in 1619, introduced clover into England; his *Discourse on the Husbandry of Brabant and Flanders* was published in 1645, and is said to mark the dawn of the vast improvements which have since been effected in Britain. Evelyn, who is considered one of the greatest encouragers of improvements that has ever appeared, was, as is well known, a gentleman attached to literature and science, and often employed in the public service. He published, in 1664, his "Sylvia, or a Discourse on Forest-trees and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions," with many other works, which had a great influence in the improvement of the country. Jethro Tull, who introduced the drill husbandry, and published his work on Horse-hoeing Husbandry in 1731, was bred a barrister; he first made experiments on his own estate, and then practised farming.—*Royle on the Productive Resources of India*, newly published. [It might have been added, that Mr Cockburn of Ormiston, Mr Home of Kames (Lord Kames), and Sir John Sinclair, the three most eminent improvers of Scottish agriculture, were, the first and last, political characters, and the second a busy lawyer, who had no more interest in the soil and the increase of its productiveness than other gentlemen possessing moderate estates.]

#### EXTREME DELICACY.

The disposition to be agonisingly delicate, is well ridiculed in the following:—"Is there any thing the matter?" "There is, sir," was the host's reply. "Have I given any offence?" "You have, sir." "Really I am ignorant of it." "Such language won't suit here, sir." "My dear sir, what language?" "We were talking of soup." "We were," "You mentioned o-tail?" "I did." "That's it, that's it, sir; that sent the ladies blushing out of the room—that's highly improper language, which I never heard at any board before, and should not have expected from you." "Why, sir, I but called it by its proper name. You asked a question, and I replied. I am, however, sorry that it has given offence; but I really do not know how I could have avoided it." "Then, sir, I advise you, when you have an occasion another time to speak of that particular soup, do not call it o-tail." "No! but what shall I call it?" "Fly disperser." "I shall remember the fly disperser soup, sir, rest assured."—*New York Paper*.

#### SUPERSTITION OF MR AND MRS COUTTS.

The most striking evidence of her superstitious prejudice used to cause much wonder among the guests: and this was presented on the steps at Holly Lodge, which are composed of beautiful blocks of white marble, that a statutory might envy; but the highest step is disfigured by two rusty, old, broken horse-shoes fastened to it, which she and Mr Coutts had found in the road, and they had caused these hideous bits of rusty iron to be nailed on the threshold to avert evil, and bring good luck.—*Memoirs of the Duchess of St Albans*.

#### AMERICAN CUNNING.

Some years ago, during the heat of a coffee speculation in Boston, when every body was holding on, waiting for the article to advance, an old merchant, keen as a razor, whose store was packed from the first to the fourth floor with prime green Rio, concluded, from signs which he well understood, that prices had reached their acme. He was too old a hand at the bellows not to know, that the moment he, with his immense stock, began to sell off, the alarm would be taken, and down would go the prices. Quietly sending off a pretty stiff invoice of the article to auction, and giving the auctioneer a gentle hint to mind

his own business, he attended the sale and bade readily at prevailing prices for the coffee. Other holders, who knew that he had about four times as much on hand as they had, concluded that it was safe to do it when he did, and so stood up manfully and bought largely. While old Mr —'s carmen were tumbling his purchases into the front door of his warehouse, five times as many were carrying coffee away from the back door. One day he failed to appear at a coffee sale, and most of the dealers took the alarm, and prices declined a little. During the afternoon, a pretty large holder, who had always been ready to buy when he saw Mr — willing, met him in the street, and asked the rate of coffee.

"I don't know what it's going at to-day," replied the old fellow, as cool and pleasant as an ice-cream.

"It declined a little this morning."

"Did it?" responded Mr —, with what seemed to his fellow-tradesman a strange manifestation of indifference.

"Yes, certainly! Haven't you heard it before?"

"No; but I expected as much."

"Why, we shall be ruined if the prices go down!"

"Not all, I presume," replied Mr —, with an unmoved countenance.

"Why, you are into it deeper than any of us."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr —, in well-feigned astonishment; "why, I have not a single bag in my store."

The next day the bubble burst, and a dozen grasping speculators, who had been for a month or two dreaming night and day over their golden gains, were ruined.—*American Paper*.

#### MILK AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.

For those who have healthy and unsophisticated stomachs, milk appears to be one of the best articles of diet we possess. It is less stimulating than flesh, and more nutritious than vegetables. For persons who are disposed to febrile complaints, and who are not obliged to perform hard and exhausting labour, it is the most appropriate diet. But the stomach is a creature of habit. It can become accustomed to any kind of diet; and sudden changes are liable to derange its healthy action. To those accustomed to what is called high living, such as strong meats, strong drinks, and high-seasoned food of all kinds, the transition to a milk diet, which contains a considerably lowered stimulation, would probably be an imprudent change. When necessary, the change should be so gradual that the stomach should by degrees become accommodated to it.—*Beaumont's Experiments on the Gastric Juice, &c., by Dr Combe*.

#### THE MOTHER'S HEART.

BY MRS NORTON.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,  
My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,  
My heart received thee with a joy beyond  
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;  
Nor thought that any love again might be  
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.  
Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,  
And natural piety that leant to Heaven;  
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,  
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given—  
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—  
And meekly cheerful—such wert thou, my child!  
Not willing to be left; still by my side  
Haunting my walks, while summer days were dying;—  
Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to glide  
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying,  
Or by the couch of pain, a sifter mock,  
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.  
Oh boy! of such as thou are oftentimes made  
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,  
No strength in all thy freshness—prone to fade—  
And bending weakly to the thunder shower—  
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,  
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!  
Then thou, my merry love—bold in thy glee,  
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,  
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free—  
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,  
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,  
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!  
Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,  
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;  
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,  
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;  
And many a heartful jest and merrily repart,  
Lur'd in the laughter of thy dark blue eye!  
And thine was many an art to win and please,  
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;  
The coaxing smile—the frequent soft caress—  
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming;  
Again my heart a new affection found,  
But thought that love with thee had reached its bound.  
At length thou earnest—thou, the last and least—  
Nicknamed "the Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,  
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,  
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;  
Mingling with every playful infant wile  
A mimic majesty that made us smile.  
And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!  
An eye of resolute and successful scheming!  
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—  
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming,  
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,  
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.  
Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,  
I, that all other love had been forewearing,  
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;  
Nor injured either, by this love's comparing,  
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—  
But in the Mother's Heart found room for ALL!  
—From the *Dream, and other Poems*.

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